

A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes<sup>®</sup>

## Western

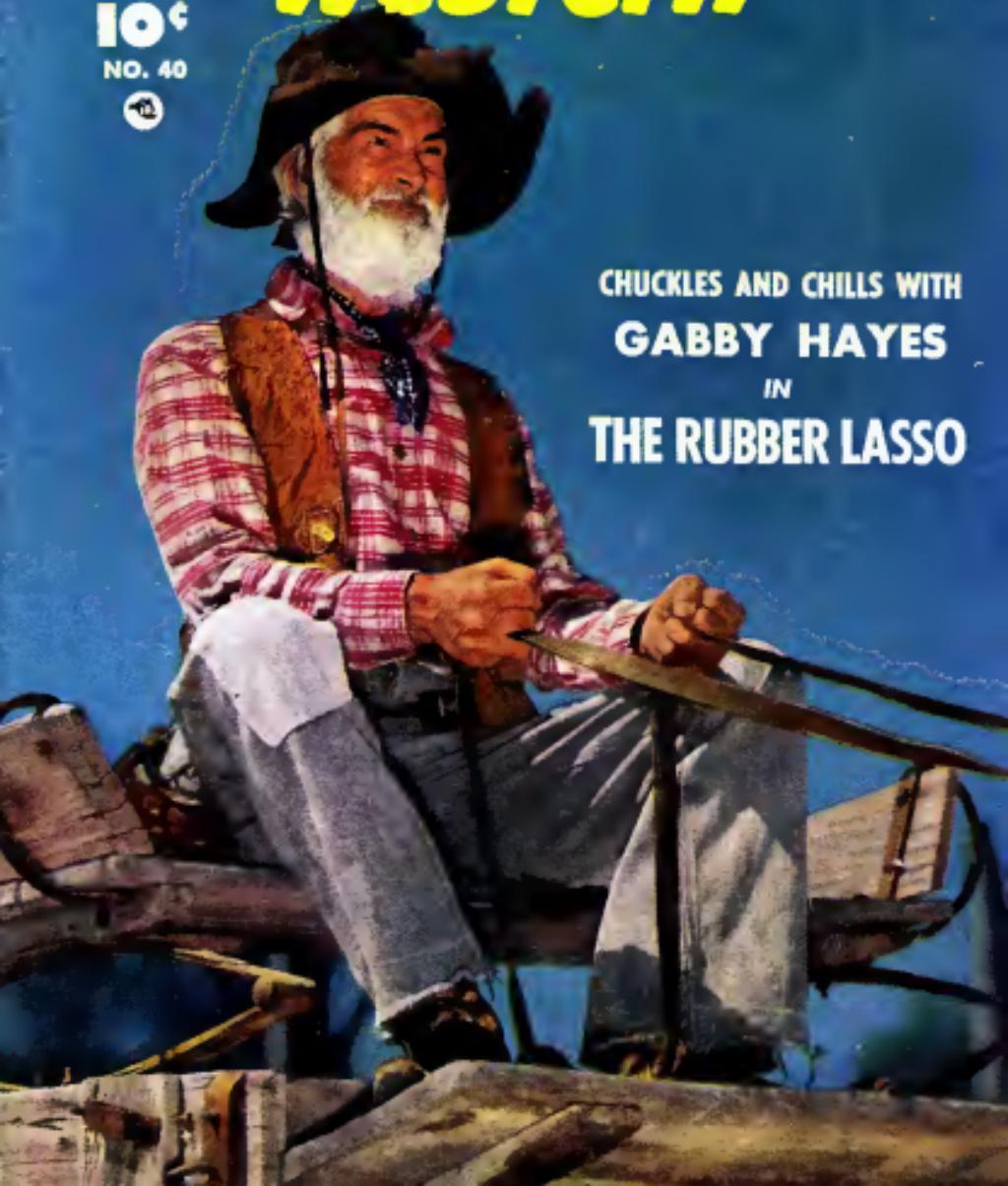
MAR.

10¢

NO. 40



CHUCKLES AND CHILLS WITH  
**GABBY HAYES**  
IN  
**THE RUBBER LASSO**





The following advertising messages are being inserted  
in this issue by the order of HIGHWAY PUBLICATIONS

Local business advertising - 1000 word program - THE MARTIN COMPANY - HIGHWAY PUBLICATIONS  
and CHICAGO - written copy - 1000 word program - THE MARTIN COMPANY - 1000 word written  
copy inserted in - 1000 word copy - THE MARTIN COMPANY - HIGHWAY PUBLICATIONS - HIGHWAY PUBLICATIONS  
and CHICAGO - written copy - 1000 word program - THE MARTIN COMPANY - 1000 word written  
copy inserted in - 1000 word copy - THE MARTIN COMPANY - HIGHWAY PUBLICATIONS - 1000 word

Every effort is made to assure that these same steps are taken in the future, making of education, education.

# GABBY HAYES

DR. BROWN 1909  
TELEGRAM FROM NEW YORK  
TO THE NEW YORK  
CITY PRESS

## 卷之三

1800-1801

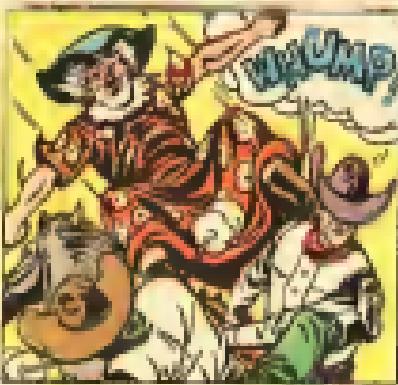
# The RUBBER LASSO

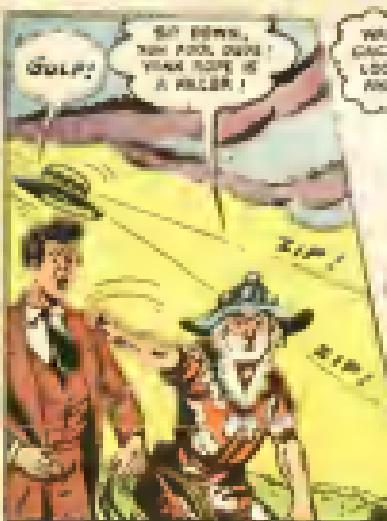
ROBERT WOOD RODE  
THIS HORSE IN RODEO WITH  
NO TRICKS REQUIRED, BUT  
A PLAIN-DEAL RODEO  
RODEO IN RODEO WITH  
THE RUBBER  
LESSON.

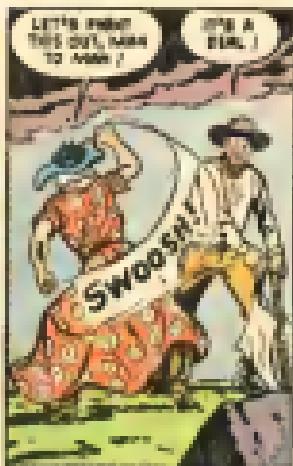






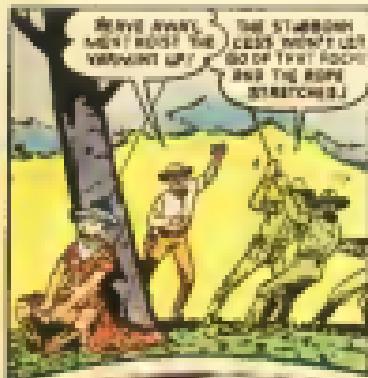






WE CROWN ANDERSON, LASSO CHAMPION, THE BRAVE,  
CAPTAINING GARRY HAYES AT TANAH!





ZOOM!



# CHIEF GREY MATTER ISN'T SQUASHED





**BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!**

**Get this  
24 K GOLD-PLATED  
GOOD LUCK™ RING  
With YOUR OWN INITIALS!**

**BIG!**  
AMAZING VALUE!  
NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

**MASSIVE!**  
EVERY RING MADE TO ORDER!!

**IT'S ANY  
FINGER!**

**HURRY!**

**ONLY 25¢**

**Want more details or just  
want to speak with us?  
Call or write addressed  
to: The Good Luck Ring, P.O.**

**Send me enclosing 25¢ plus the return postage to:  
The Good Luck Ring, 2000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.  
Send me the Good Luck Ring with my initials.**

I am enclosing 25¢ plus the return postage to:  
The Good Luck Ring, 2000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.  
Send me the Good Luck Ring with my initials.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please return my initials \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone No. \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: Good Luck, P.O. Box 634, New York, N.Y.

# YOUNG FALCON

THE  
AND  
TIRED  
TRAPPERS

YOUNG FALCON  
TAKED THESE HUNTER  
OF THE WOODS AND  
FOR OF SKIN, ANOTHER  
HE WALK THROUGH  
THE HILL COUNTRY...

GOOD DAY TO YOU,  
FRIEND. WHY DO  
YOU HAIL ME?

I'VE ASKED IF YOU'D  
TAKE THE DAY TO THE  
OLD FINE CAMPING  
MOUNTAIN. I WANT TO  
TRADE A TRAP  
THREE.



YOU ARE  
ON THE  
RIGHT PATH  
NOW. YOU  
GO TO THAT  
TRAIL.

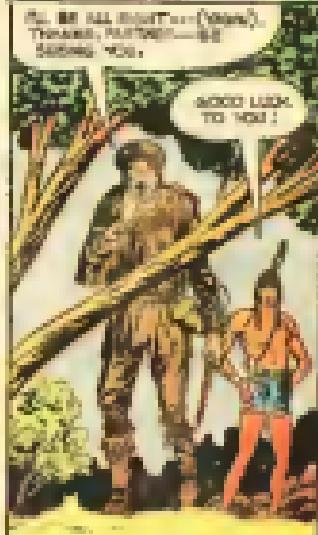
THAT'S RIGHT, THE  
GOVERNMENT HAS  
FOURTEEN OFFICIAL  
ROUNDS FOR COMPETITION BY  
TALIMENT, PACIFIC  
SIXTEEN IN THE WEST—  
THREE FEET IN A  
WEEK. SETTIN' THE TRAIL  
FOR LAUGHIN' FOR THE  
SAKE.

NO, SIR,  
HEY, SIR,  
FRIEND, FOGO  
BEST FEET  
BEFORE COMIN'  
ON. THESE  
HILLS ARE  
FULL OF  
WOLVES AND  
WHAT FOR  
AN EASY  
HUNT.

I DON'T KNOW—  
SIR, SIR—WHAT'S  
HAPPENIN' HE  
COMIN'—HE  
THERE. I BET  
PLenty OF  
SHEEP LAST  
NIGHT.

ALL IN ALL, SIGHTIN' (YAWN).  
THOUGHT, MIGHTIN'—HE  
SHEEP HEA.

BIGGIE LUCK  
TO YOU!



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT A TRAPPER LEAVES THE STORE OF TRADES HILL IN THE FOOTHILLS.

NO LONG HILL, THANKS FOR DEFENDING ME AT SUCH A GOOD PRICE!

SEE MEETING YOU, BOY!



BOY: YEAH, PAULSON BUCKARAY HAD A BLOOD-CURDLED SCREAM!

GRFOO A  
RRROW!

HOLES, JESU BENDO THE BUCKARAY. THEY DARE TO SAY THEY KICKED OVER A KILL!

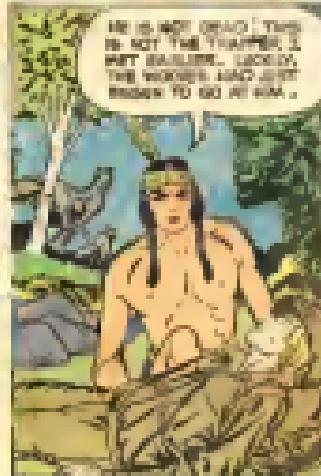


A TRAPPER!

UNQUOTE, TRAPPERS LEAVE A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND DEATH.

THAT'S IT — KID, YOU BELIEVE WESTON? I'M MORE THAN SICKENED SHOOTIN' FOR EACH OF YOU.

WHU-U!



HE DREAMS TO BE IN BLOOD, BLOOD OF GREAT SLEEP FROM WHICH HE CANNOT BE AWAKENED. RESEARCH IT IN THAT BLOOD OF EXALATION, SLEEP IN HELL!

WAKED THE OTHER TRAPPER OF!

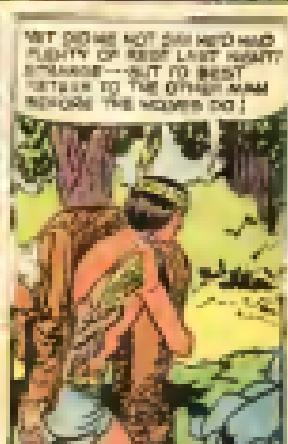
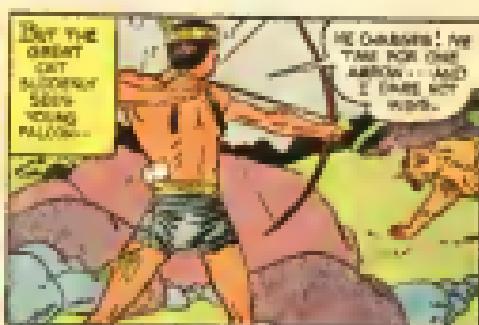


I'LL GO AFTER HIM. I FEAR HE MAY SEE IN THE BRAIN TROUBLE — THE HUNTER WILL NOT RETURN. SEVEN NIGHT AGO, KIDNEY HAD BEEN CLEARED OFF.



THAT OTHER TRAPPER MIGHT HAVE MADE GOOD TIME AS YESTER AM HIS FATE. I'LL OVERTAKE HIM SOONER.





WELL WHEN YOUNG FALCON RETURNS TO THE MOUNTAIN TRAPPER...

“HOGS -  
WELL -  
WELL GOIN ON IT -  
GREETINGS FRIEND. THESE  
FELLOWS TRAPPERS SEEM TO BE  
THE END OF THEM. OR ELSE THEY  
CAME CLOSE TO LOSING THEIR  
LIVES BECAUSE OF IT.”

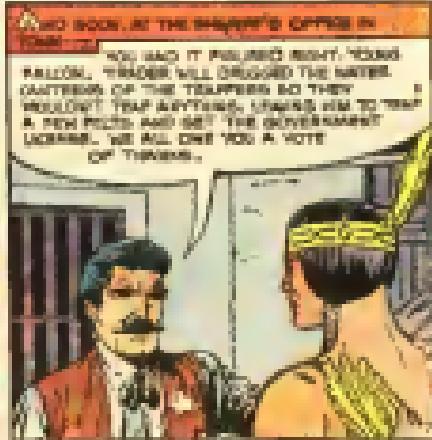
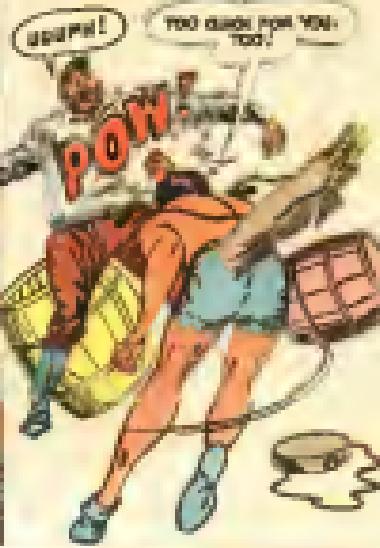


“WELL, FOGH, SHOUT HOGS  
HOGS TO SHOUT AND SHOUT?  
WELL, HOW YOU SAY, SHOUT  
OR SHOUT SHARKEY HOGS?  
DO YOU ALL SHOUT  
THE SAME PLACES?”



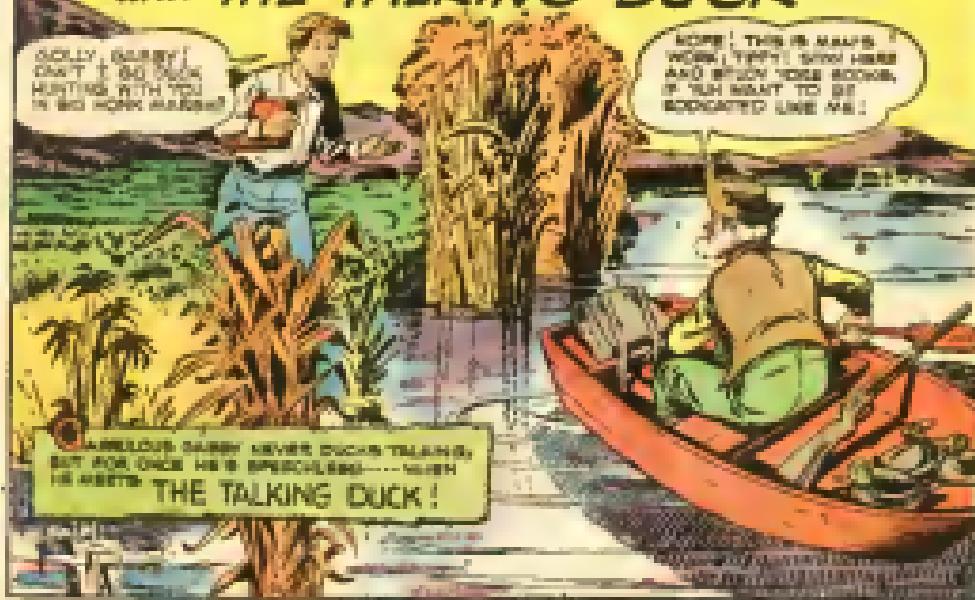
“CAN'T SAY WE  
HOGS - (YAWN) -  
SHOUT TRAPPERS  
HOGS PLACE, ALL  
THE TRAPPERS  
DON'T THEM -  
SHOUT - SHOUTS  
THESE.”

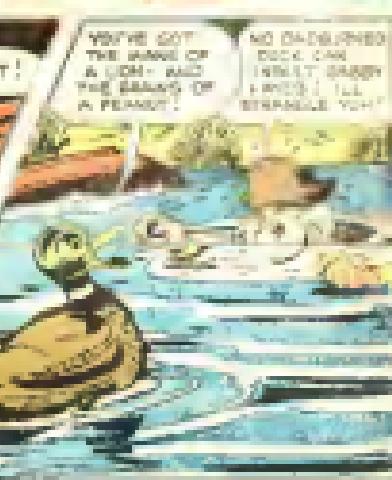
“I, FOGH, I'LL SHOUT THE  
TRAPPERS HOGS. COME  
TO SHOUT ME OUT ON  
THE HOGS WITH THESE  
HOGS AND SHOUT OUT  
YOURSSELF TILL YOU  
SHOUT MORE.”

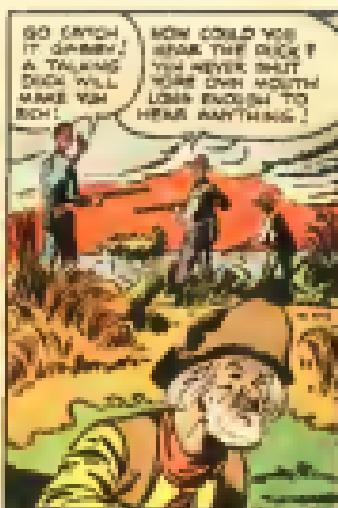
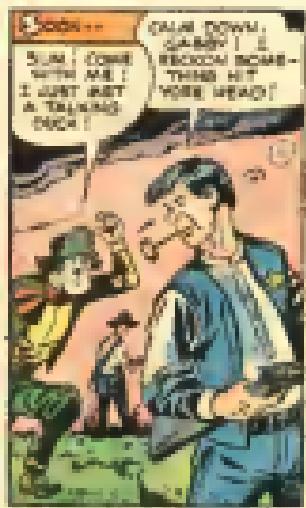


# GABBY HAYES

## and THE TALKING DUCK

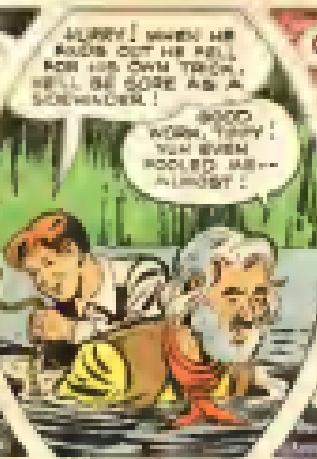


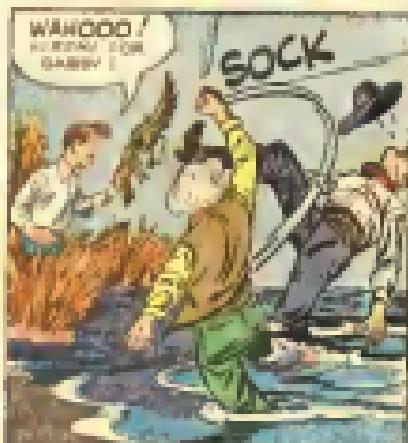


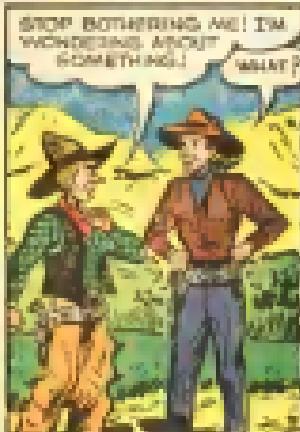
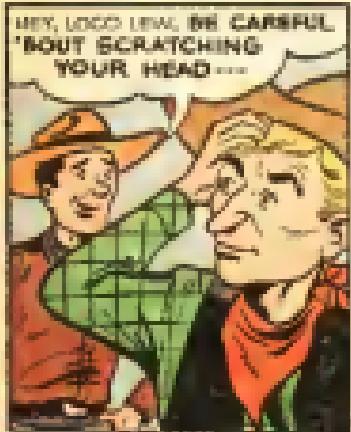
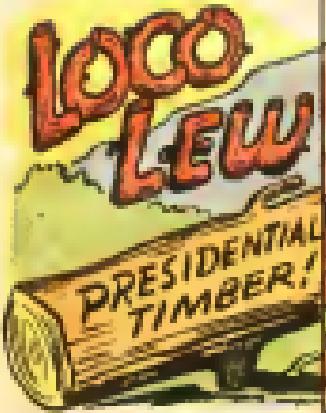














# TAR AND FEATHERS

*Garry Hayes Tall Tale*

*By Garry Hayes*

WAS just sitting there, all hunched over reading the fine print, and I never heard the door open or anything. I tell you, I was really concentrating on the reading and, as you know well, a kerosene lamp don't exactly light up a place like the moonlight out. Thing is, I realized there was anybody else in the room was when my left ear got to kind of tickling. I looked that way out of the corner of my eye, expecting maybe to see a mosquito and blazed off I didn't notice my ear was playing host to the muscle of a Colt 45.

Balls of fire! It felt downright unpleasant!

What's that? You say where was I and what was I doing there? Well, maybe I am getting a little ahead of the story. Catch up close around the examples as I won't have to shout myself deaf and I'll tell you a real, hair-raising tale about the time I was the editor of a newspaper.

I realize there's not a red-blooded American in the whole West that hasn't wished he was a newspaperman, one time or another. A fellow's blood gets to boiling sometimes and he would give his eye teeth to be able to write a whupping, thundering editorial, denouncing all the wickedness of the conspiracy. That's just the way I was feeling one day when I happened to be over to the town of Saddle Blister, which is just two whoops and a holler northeast of Rosedale.

And look, as I thought, played right into my hands, for the first person I ran into was the editor of *The Saddle Blister Times* and he said, "Garry, how much money have you got?"

I replied, "I reckon I've got just about forty iron coins on me."

He said, "You hand those forty dollars over to me and I'll sell you my whole newspaper, printing press, goodwill and all."

When I sort of hesitated, he said, "It's a

real bargain at that price, Garry. Why I've got a practically new left-handed type stancher in there that cost me thirty seven dollars last year, and I'll throw that in, too."

Of course, being a cutthroat, I didn't know anything about the market price for a left-handed type stancher, but I didn't let on to him. That would've showed my ignorance. I was really strapping at the bit to buy that paper, but I didn't want to let on to him that I was anxious. I hurried and hurried and said, "If this here deal is such an all-fired bargain, why are you so anxious to sell her?"

"I've got to, Garry," he said. "I've got to go to Arizona for my health."

He did look a little pale and I remarked as much. "Sure," he continued. "I've been told I won't live very long if I stay in this here climate."

It's a strange thing. He looks a little bit like me, or so I've been told. Beat the same size and wears his whiskers the same way and all. Only I'm just as healthy as a hog and he looked downright sickly when I was talking to him. So I knew he wasn't lying about wanting to leave town for his health. I gave him the forty dollars and I became editor of *The Saddle Blister Times*.

He handed me the key and said I'd have plenty of time to get the hang of running the press and all that because he had already printed this week's issue and I wouldn't have to get out another one for seven days. So I went into the office and it was getting on toward night and I lit the lamp, which goes off a mighty dim light, like I was saying.

On the desk were all kinds of papers and scribbles and proofs and such trash and also there was a queer barrel which looked like it was empty of everything but the smell. I sniffed at it and knew it was *free press* and I

figured maybe the editor had been indulging, probably on account of his poor health. Well, I never touch the stuff myself, so I held the bottle out the window and went to reading the fine print.

That's when I got the gun stuffed in my ear, I blurted. "Hey, what's going on?"

The man-looking bumbes behind the gun growled like a voice coming up out of the bottom of a barrel. "Are you the editor of this paper?"

"Yes, I'm the editor, but . . ."

"Get up!" he said. "Don't try any tricks. I'm going to take you out to the edge of town and horsewhip you!"

I started to object but he growled, "Shut up. One more word out of you and I'll shoot you down here and now!"

Balls of fire! He had me! What could I do but keep quiet? He kept that gun tight against my head and we moved toward the door. There was a big commotion. Two bumbes bigger than him came in and they had guns drawn. "Beat it!" they said to him. "Get!" He got.

I kind of crouched back in the editor's chair and whooshed out a sigh of relief. "Thanks, fellas," I said. "You sure saved my skin. He was aiming to horsewhip me!"

"You'll soon be thinking us out of the other side of your check, Mr. Editor!" snarled one of them.

"That's right!" snapped the other. "Get up and git moving. We aim to tar and feather you!"

Once more I tried to protest and once more I got shot up with the threat of a bullet in the back. Those two marched me outside and down a dark alley to where I could hear some horses whinnying. We were almost to the end of the alley when three men showed up, all carrying shotguns.

The leader of the three bellowed, "Wass up? Where you got there, boy?"

"We've got that no-good, blessed editor," responded one of my captors. "We're going to tar and feather him and ride him out of town as a rascal."

"Oh no you're not!" came the answer. "We're taking him over. We aim to lynch him!"

Well, pals, as you know, I'm not scared of

anything myself, but my heart must be kind of cowardly for it was going "thump-thump-thump-thump-thump!" I was really in the pickle vat.

There was some palaver amongst these men that gave me an inkling of what had happened. It sure like my predecessor, the editor that sold me the paper, had swallowed up a quart of that loco juice and then had gone hog wild in prancing stuff about everybody in town. He had printed stories that said the local doctor was a quack, that the banker was a hopped thief, that the blacksmith was a stage robber, that the sheriff took bribes, and so on and so forth. Had made everybody in town angry. And in a dim light, he looked like me! No wonder he left town for his health!

And here were these bumbes palvering about whether it would be better to tar and feather me before they lynched me—or after.

I SUNK back against a haystack while they were deciding what to do with me. My brain was kind of numb, but it worked better than most brains, at that. I yelled, "Hey, you guys; to at least let the condemned man have a smoke before he dies!" (As you know, I never use tobacco, but they didn't know that.) They agreed I could have the smoke. One of 'em handed me the matches and a match. I lit the match, then kind of accidentally on purpose dropped it in the haystack.

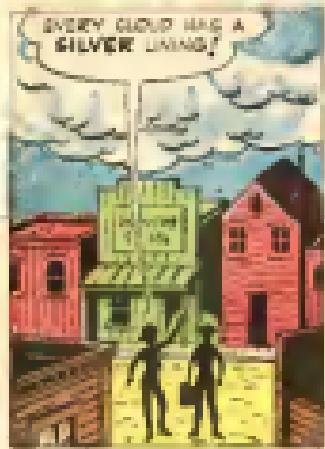
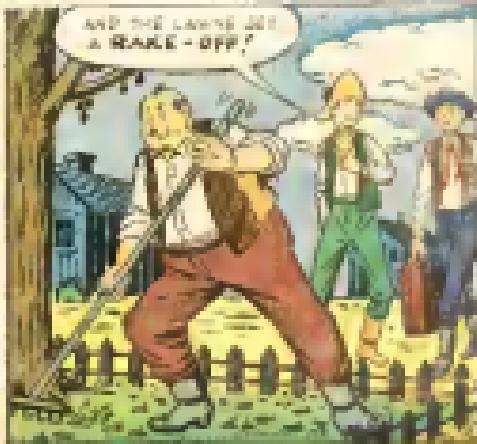
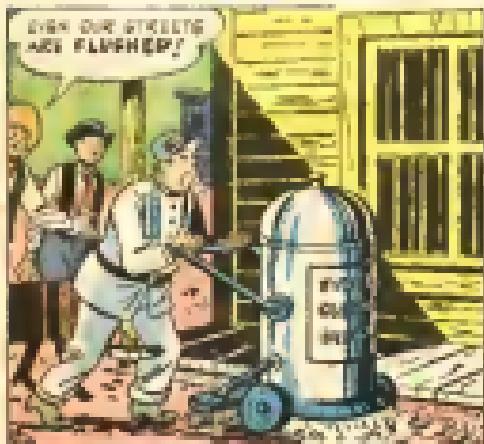
That old hay blazed up until it was as bright as day. I stood off in that light and bellowed, "Look, men! I'm not the editor you're after. I'm GARRY HAYES from *Rawhids*!"

So, when they could see me real good, they all agreed they had made a mistake and they let me go. That was the end of my editing days. I decided the printing press and all to the bumbes who owned the haystack I burned up. I figured it was a fair trade. And I sure hope he has a good use for that practically new leather-bound type circleten.

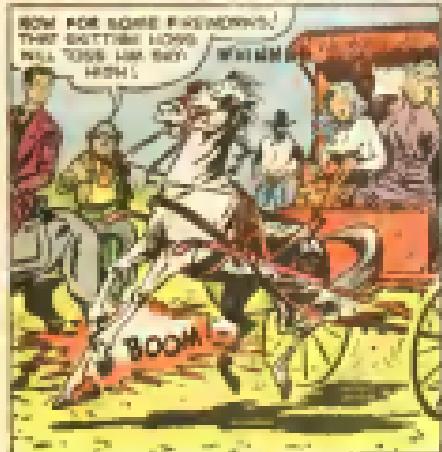
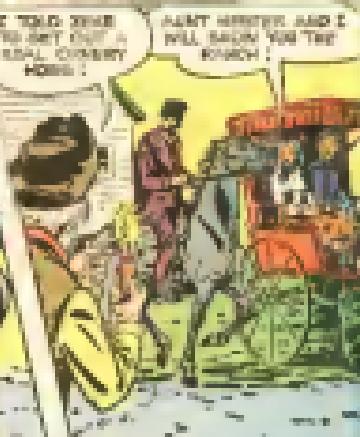
THE END

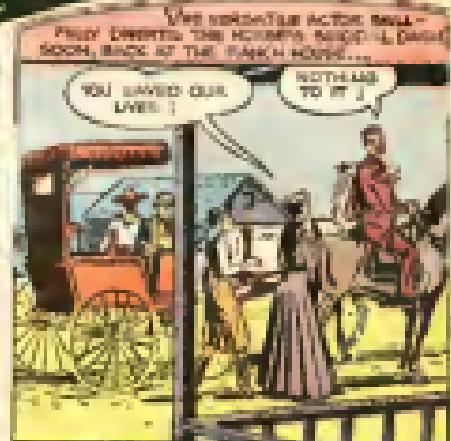
# THE RICH TOWN!

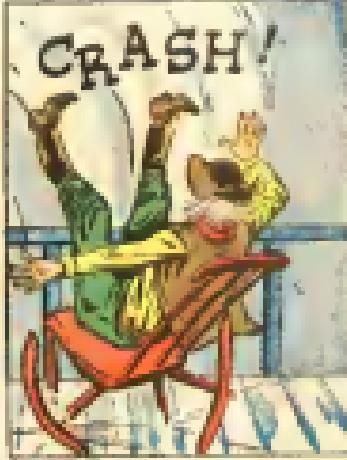














WANTING BECAUSE HIS FRIEND  
HAD HIM TO KILL. DAD HAD  
AFFECTION FOR FRIEND LARSEN  
BECAUSE HIS COOUNTRYMAN—AND THE  
CRAFTY ACTOR DECIDED TO KILL—  
HAD FRIEND.

AS I'VE BEEN  
HELPING ROBBERS  
IN BAGGAGE TO  
SCOTT. THAT'S  
WHY I'M WAITING FOR  
THE OLD BATTLE  
TO USE HIS HORSES.

NOW, AINT  
FRIEND? YOU  
WANT THINGS  
AND NO  
THINGS AT THE  
BAR HOTHOUSE.

FORGIVE ME, FRIEND  
LARSEN. I FEAR I  
MAY TURN TO ANOTHER  
COUNTRYMAN  
AND NO  
THINGS AT THE  
BAR HOTHOUSE.

